

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VO. IX.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1915.

NO. 33.

TAKE ANOTHER TRY AT BURRO REGULATION

Another start was made last night at a program of regulation for burros and other domestic animals by city ordinance. The court decision in the Boyd injunction case left the city practically without anything on the ordinance books regulating the keeping of animals of any kind in any part of the city. Last night the city trustees passed one ordinance and introduced another designed to control the situation.

Ordinance No. 195 which was passed is designed to regulate the keeping of domestic animals such as horses, mules, burros, cows, etc., in all parts of the city. It prohibits their keeping in open corrals within 50 feet of any dwelling, school building, etc. They cannot be kept in stables within 30 feet of dwellings, schools, etc. Allowing animals to remain loose, or to be driven through the streets without being haltered, fastened or so attended as to prevent them from wandering outside the traveled way over which they are driven, are prohibited. Stabling of more than three animals on any premises within the old restricted district is prohibited, as is their keeping over night without a permit from the board of health. Keeping of manure within 20 feet of churches, schools or places where food products are kept or stored, or any window or other opening of dwellings is prohibited.

City Attorney Montgomery said this ordinance would be satisfactory to the corral owners on Mountain trail avenue and contained general regulations which ought to be in force apart from the burro corral issue. Accordingly he recommended that if the board wished to regulate or prevent the keeping of animals for hire within any restricted district that be handled in a separate ordinance. In that way the general regulations would not be interfered with in case the corral owners should bring referendum proceedings against the ordinance affecting them. The trustees took that view of the matter and the second ordinance prohibiting the keeping of animals for hire within a certain restricted district was introduced. The district is practically the same as the old one, making certain exceptions in the neighborhood of Central avenue where such a business may be maintained by securing a permit.

Thanks for Arcadia

On motion of Trustee Johnson the board voted unanimously to express the thanks of the city of Sierra Madre to the Arcadia trustees for improving the Baldwin avenue approach to Sierra Madre.

Fire Signals

Trustee Johnson reported the result of investigations of various fire alarms. An electrically operated siren seemed best to fit local needs, the cost amounting to \$175 or \$225, not including cost of installation. The siren would be operated by a switch at the

SCHOOL FLOAT IN PARADE

Sierra Madre public schools will be represented in the big parade to be held in Los Angeles on Saturday, June 5th, in which all the schools of the county have been invited to participate. Secretary Wright of the school board has been delegated a committee of one to raise funds for the purpose and designs are already being worked out for the entry. Mr. Wright hopes to have about \$150 in cash available for the float, having secured \$50 from the Board of Trade and \$50 from the city trustees. He says \$25 will be available from the school funds and some individual contributions are expected.

FEATURE FILMS COMING

The management of the Woman's Club picture show announce one of the finest features they have yet produced in the five-reel drama, "Tess of the Storm Country," to be given next Wednesday evening. Mary Pickford is the star and those who have seen it report it as an unusually beautiful film. Saturday evening there will be seven reels, including "The Stolen Will" in two reels and "The Spirit of '49." Beginning Saturday evening, May 22, a new serial running fifteen weeks will be begun. It is "The Master Key," which has achieved great popularity wherever

Veterans Have Reunion

Dr. James Barr was the host on Thursday of a delightful little reunion of old friends. He and his three guests were students at Upper Iowa University, Fayette, Iowa, at the outbreak of the Civil War and left school to enlist, three of them being in the 12th Iowa, and serving through the war together. All achieved prominence in various ways after the war. Dr. Barr was a well known physician and his guests were Hon. C. C. Curtis of Le Mars, Iowa, formerly a member of the Iowa legislature; Hon. J. W. Rich of Iowa City, formerly librarian and a regent of the University of Iowa, and for 16 years publisher of the Vinton Eagle; and Rev. Dr. F. M. Robertson of Pasadena, formerly a presiding elder in the Upper Iowa conference of the Methodist Church.

telephone office and Manager Farman said the company would undertake to install and operate the apparatus. The erection of a fire hose drainage tower was also considered. Further investigations will be made before action is taken.

Street Grades

Ordinance No. 198 establishing grades on Carter avenue preliminary to improvement was adopted, as was ordinance No. 199 establishing grades on Hermosa avenue north of Carter.

Sewer Plans

City Engineer Bixby reported that he had completed plans for a sewage system and disposal plant for the canyon district and submitted it to the trustees.

At the suggestion of City Attorney Montgomery the trustees voted to extend the time for protest on the widening of Central avenue to June 17.

The street superintendent was instructed to secure bids for the construction of a wooden bridge, 20 feet wide, over the stream of the Little Santa Anita at the Sturtevant Trail crossing.

Sierra Madre Directory

CITY OFFICIALS

BOARD OF TRUSTEES—J. M. Beard, Chairman; L. D. Moore, Arthur Johnson, J. F. D. Monte, L. E. Steinberger. Regular meetings in City Hall, second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. City Clerk, C. H. Peery; Attorney, C. E. Montague; Treasurer, Carlton J. Peeler; Marshal and Street Superintendent, A. M. Udell; Engineer, Wm. F. Bixby; Supt. Water Dept., Franklin Biederman.

BOARD OF HEALTH—Dr. R. H. Mackerras, Chairman; Franklin Biederman, Secretary; J. A. Osgood, N. A. Adams.

BOARD OF TRADE—Meets second Monday at 8 p. m. in City Hall; President, J. A. Osgood; Vice-President, H. T. Fenner; Secretary, E. F. Ballou; Treasurer, F. A. Newbold; Directors, A. Osgood, H. T. Fenner, C. J. Peeler, J. F. Sauler, J. N. Hawas, T. M. Webster, George B. Morganridge.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SIERRA MADRE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY—Central Avenue between Linda and Park. Open each weekday from 1:30 to 5:30 and from 7 to 9 p. m. Mrs. F. B. Wheatley, Librarian. Municipal Library Board—George B. Morganridge, Chairman; Mrs. E. T. Pierce, Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Steinberger, H. J. Potter, J. A. Osgood.

FRATERNAL

SIERRA MADRE LODGE NO. 408, F. & A. M.—Meetings first Tuesday in each month. All visiting Masons welcome. Masonic Hall, Club House, West Central. Dr. R. H. Mackerras, W. M., C. W. Jones, Secretary.

CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Central Avenue at corner. Rev. Fred Staff, pastor. Sunday School, 11 a. m.; morning worship, 11 a. m.; Junior Endeavor, 2 p. m.; Intermediate Endeavor, 4 p. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; evening worship, 7:30 p. m.; mid-week prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION—Opposite Dr. George M. Connell, Rector. Services, 10 a. m.; Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.; Morning Prayer, 11 a. m.

and sermon, 11 a. m.; Holy Communion first Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; on the greater festival and other days by appointment, 7:30 a. m.; Sunday evening service from October to June, 7:30 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC—Chapel on Highland Avenue, east of Baldwin. Rev. W. Barth in charge. Services at 9 a. m.

HOME OF TRUTH—493 Auburn Ave. Sunday service, 3:30 p. m.; Bible lesson, Wednesday, 3 p. m.; Heading meeting, Friday, 8 p. m. All are welcome.

SIERRA MADRE POSTOFFICE Mail Arrives

From the East—9:40 a. m.; 5:30 p. m. From the West—8:40 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.; 5:30 p. m.

Mail Departs

For the East—7:45 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.

For the West—8:45 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.

Daily except Sunday

SANTA FE ROUTE (Trains at Santa Anita Station)

Eastbound

No. Time Train

2 8:12 Riverside and Redlands Local

3 9:43 Tourist Flyer, Chicago

4 1:53 California Limited, Chicago

18 2:11 Phoenix Express

14 4:31 San Pedro and Redlands Local

20 6:41 Chicago "De Luxe," (Tues. only)

22 7:18 Texas and East

19 9:42 Overland, Chicago

43 4:41 Local

21 7:07 From Texas and East

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. Mackerras, M. D.
Office 154 W. Central Ave.
Phone Main 53 Residence 138 W. Central Ave.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.
Office, 4 N. Baldwin. Phone Main 60.
Hours: 11-12-2-3
Res. 72 W. Alegria Phone Main 111

DR. E. L. JACKSON
Physician and Surgeon
Phone Red 76
Office and Res. N. W. Cor. Auburn and Highland

George W. Groth
Physician and Surgeon
Osteopath
Black 63 161 Santa Anita Ct.

A. J. RUST
DENTIST
308 Higgins Building, Cor. Second and Main, Los Angeles; office hours 10-12; 2-4. Office phone, Main 7011

A. J. CASNER
DENTIST
In Sierra Madre office
FRIDAY'S and SATURDAY'S
Cor. Baldwin & Central Green 100

Sidney H. Segelbaum
Attorney at Law
400 Hibernian Bldg., Los Angeles
Phone F-4427
Res. 82 E. Central Ave. Sierra Madre

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The Old Italian School of Singing'

Pupils taken at my residence, 395 W. Mariposa, or at my studio, 722 Majestic Bldg., Los Angeles.

Special tuition fees for home pupils.

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and Express

J. C. WHYTE
Phones Main 50 and Green 85
Office, Grilley's Store. Kersting Court

FEED AND FUEL
TRANSFER

All kinds of stock and poultry feed. Best grades of fuel

Andrew Olsen
Red 85 Res. Black 24

A. N. ADAMS
Opposite P. E. Station

Real Estate, Rentals
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AGENTS FOR THE
Continental Insurance Co. of N. Y.
Policyholder Surplus \$15,999,832

Pays first and always 100 cents on the dollar

5% DISCOUNT ON LAUNDRY
Buy a coupon book and get 5 per cent discount on your laundry. Books of \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 denominations.

MONROVIA STEAM LAUNDRY.

Brief Items of Interest

Mr. Raynor of Los Angeles was a caller on J. A. Thompson on Friday.

Mrs. Lydia Anderson of Long Beach is spending the week at her cottage in Sierra Madre.

Mrs. J. J. Hart is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sidney Kendall, of Berkeley for several weeks.

Mrs. Alfred Rockwood of Nogales, Ariz., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Mason.

Mrs. James R. McNamee of Helena, Mont., spent Tuesday as the guest of Mrs. A. N. Adams.

Miss Augusta Clark of Long Beach, spent the week end as a guest at the A. N. Adams home.

T. H. Flather returned from New York City Saturday afternoon and left for Portland on Monday.

Mrs. Esther Kehlet and baby of Michigan will arrive this week to spend the summer in Sierra Madre.

On Thursday afternoon the Modern Priscillas were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Jack Wright.

On Saturday, Mrs. Paul Baugh was the dinner guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Linn of Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hartman and family spent Sunday in Los Angeles where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raw.

The Eleven and One Club were pleasantly entertained at the home of the Misses Caley on Ramona avenue on Tuesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Mackerras and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Craig of Kingston, Ontario, visited the San Francisco fair the early part of the week.

Mrs. William Krebs of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Krebs left for San Diego this week where she will visit the fair.

Luncheon guests of Mrs. E. L. Yerxa on Tuesday were Mrs. E. A. Rogers and two little sons of Los Angeles, and Miss Mabel St. John of Whittier.

Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Adams were Mr. W. H. Pierce and Mr. James O'Neill of Boston, Mass. Mr. Pierce is Mrs. Adams' brother-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stitt and young son who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Hart at Villa left for their home in the east a few days ago.

A large number of Sierra Madre young people attended the Junior-Senior theater party given at the Strand Theater, Pasadena, on Friday night.

Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Walker were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Pettis and baby of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Pettis of Santa Monica, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Walker for two weeks, left for their home in Los Angeles today.

Visitors at the John A. Thompson and C. C. Bodine homes on Sunday were Mrs. Eldred, Fred Eldred, Mrs. Hotchkiss, and Miss Wheaton, of Highland Park.

Miss Mary B. Fish who has been living for many years in Florence, Italy, is visiting her friends, Miss T. H. Graham and Miss Ida Munsell this week at Mia Italia.

Mrs. Elizabeth Borglum dined on Wednesday in Los Angeles with her friend, Mrs. L. C. Lambert, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and was afterward a guest at the Creatore band concert.

Mrs. Kaufman, formerly of Sierra Madre, came up from Los Angeles and spent Saturday as the guest of Mrs. N. T. Brown. She left on Monday for her old home in Nork, N. J., where she will spend the summer.

On Tuesday Mrs. E. C. Carhart gave a charming luncheon complimentary to her sister, Mrs. Fred Engles of Duluth. Covers were laid for twenty-four guests and progressive five hundred guests followed the luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Gay and Rev. and Mrs. Fred Staff drove to Riverside on Wednesday in Mr. Gay's new Dodge car, to attend the Southern California Congregational conference. H. W. Timm was also a delegate from the local church.

A delightful subscription dance under the supervision of Messrs. Raymond Heidler, Victor Hill and Herbert Ingraham was given at the Club House last Friday evening. A large crowd was present and a good orchestra from Los Angeles furnished the music.

Mrs. E. W. Camp is in Berkeley this week attending the commencement exercises of the University of California where her son Charles graduates from the College of Liberal Arts. Charles has achieved an excellent record in the department of vertebrate zoology and will spend the summer with faculty members making some investigations in the high Sierras.

C. H. Baker is in San Francisco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Clark were guests of Mr. J. H. Williamson of Casa Blanca at Riverside on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartelson and little daughter left on "The Saint" for San Francisco on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. L. E. Jewett has returned to her home on Scenic Point and has as her guest Miss Reed of Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. A. Osgood left this week for San Francisco where she will join Captain Osgood and attend the San Francisco Fair.

The Dickens Fellowship were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Frank Wright on Wednesday afternoon.

Madame de Blumenthal and Miss Dougan of Bella Vista Terrace left on Thursday for a business trip to San Bernardino.

Mrs. W. E. Farman has just received the sad news of the death of her sister, at the old home in Mason City, Iowa, on May 8th.

Mrs. Frank Mace Clark of Los Angeles is spending the week end as the guest of Mrs. J. Raymond Thorpe of Scenic Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Cass and little daughter of Los Angeles have been guests this week end of Mrs. Cass's aunt, Miss Alice Tufts.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hill had as guests for the week end their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peterson of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Julia B. Shannon was among the luncheon and bridge guests of Mrs. W. Weaver of Harvard boulevard, Los Angeles, on Tuesday.

Guests of Mrs. Frank B. Seely this week are her mother and sister, Mrs. James Goggin and Miss Francis Goggin of Lockport, N. Y.

Mr. W. D. Shimp and family who have been spending the winter in Sierra Madre, left on Wednesday for their home in South Bend, Ind.

Not Very Flattering.

When the artist had finished his scene sketch of the stretch of woods skirting the suburban road he looked up and beheld a serious faced Irishman whom he had previously noticed digging in a trench by the roadside gazing queerly at his canvas.

"Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?"

The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment and, with a deep sigh, answered: "Sure; a mon c'n do anything if he's driv to it!" Argonaut.

Cautious.

"Is she going to marry the young man who saved her from drowning?"

"I think so."

"But is she sure that he is able to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Yes; she took him up in Bradstreet's before she fell in" - Houston Post.

Woe!

"What's that?" exclaimed the young wife in sudden alarm. "Did you say Nemesis was a woman?"

"Yes," the mother replied, "of course I thought you knew that before."

"Oh, heaven! And George told me when he left this morning that she had been after him all day yesterday" - Chicago Herald.

The Ideal.

"You must leave your cane in the court room," said the attendant at the art gallery.

"What's that? Then what am I going to point at the pictures with?" - Megendorfer Blatter.

Official Exposition and California State series of poster stamps. Good advertising to put on your mail matter, 10¢ for 36 stamps, in folder for mailing, or can be used separately. The News Printery.

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Just received a full line of Misses and Children's rubber soled sandals, also misses' and ladies' tennis shoes in oxford and high.

REPAIRING

Men's sewed soles 75c; rubber heels put on while you wait, 35c.

M. OLSEN, The Shoe Man

LOS ANGELES AND NEW YORK JOINED BY TELEPHONE

World's history was made Thursday, May 6th, when Los Angeles officially and formally telephoned New York. Telephone communication is now commercially possible to New York and all important Eastern and intermediate points, a distance of four thousand miles and over.

In honor of the occasion, which marks a far-reaching epoch in the progress of Los Angeles and Southern California, representative leaders in business, financial and professional circles were invited to take part in the formal opening of the Los Angeles-New York circuit. The exercises were held in a handsomely decorated room on the third floor of the new building of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, 622 South Hill street; while in New York City a similar assemblage of prominent New Yorkers was gathered in the offices of Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Connection Made

Promptly at 10 o'clock, Division Superintendent C. F. Mason, who was seated with Mayor H. H. Rose, H. E. Huntington, General W. A. Kobbe, retired U. S. A., J. M. Elliott, president First National Bank, J. E. Fishburn, president National Bank of California, J. B. Miller, president Southern California Edison Company, W. W. Mines, president Los Angeles Realty Board, and Robert N. Bulla, president chamber of commerce, at a raised table at the end of the hall, called New York and exchanging greetings, arranged the circuits for the formal conversations.

While this was in progress, Mr. John G. Mott, welcoming the guests, explained the purpose of the ceremonies and interestingly traced the routing of the circuits over which the conversations were to take place, showing the important cities through which the circuits passed and the work necessary on the part of the linemen and operators before a conversation could be held.

Official Greetings

Connection with New York being established, Mr. Mason introduced Mayor Rose to Acting Mayor George McAneny of New York, who was at the New York end of the line.

Those present quickly grasped the significance and tremendous import to Southern California as the mayor's voice spoke these words:

"Mr. McAneny, this is the mayor of Los Angeles and in the name of our city I desire to extend to you a very hearty greeting in this year of particular activity."

For years human ingenuity has been exerted to perfect an annihilator of space, and now the goal was reached - over mountains, plains, across a dozen states, in sunshine, storm and rain, the spoken word of the human voice uttered in an ordinary tone, was traveling in the fraction of a second a distance of four thousand miles, clearly heard and perfectly understood.

The reply came back:

"Thank you, Mayor Rose; I personally, and all the people of New York, appreciate your greeting."

Perfect Service

Conversations between Los Angeles and New York captains of industry followed this preliminary exchange of compliments, all distinctly understood over the 4000 miles of wire.

These ceremonies may be considered as the formal tender of a new gift to the progress of the world. They celebrate a large addition to civilization's indebtedness to the telephone, to Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, to Thomas A. Watson, the maker, to Theodore N. Vail, whose genius as a business organizer has built out of that first one hundred foot line of 1876 a system that today includes nine million telephones, over twenty-one million miles of wire, and to J. J. Carty, the engineer who has made transcontinental telephone service possible. Year after year, the indebtedness will increase, for the completion of the great transcontinental line marks the beginning, not the end, of telephone expansion. Before Mr. Vail's dream is fully realized, it will be possible for anyone anywhere in the United States to talk to any one else anywhere else in the United States, and who knows but to the farthest corner of the globe?

Enormous Task

The work of constructing the line, of setting up poles (a total of 130,000) on the mountains, of stretching wires (one circuit of which weighs 1,480 tons) across desert places, and pulling cables under deep waters, has taken approximately two years. The great work was done in the laboratories, testing rooms and experiment stations in New York which enabled two men to talk across the United States as easily as though they were sitting in adjoining rooms. The experimental research department of the Bell system is now directed by 550 engineers and scientists, including former professors, post-graduate students and scientific investigators, to whose united efforts is due the magnificent accomplishment celebrated today.

The United States may justly feel proud of the invention which has been made here, where the telephone has enjoyed a larger freedom than it has ever known abroad, reaching as it

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3 pkgs. Golden Egg Noodles.....	.25
1 lb. Rumford's Baking Powder.....	.25
2 pkgs. Grape Nuts.....	.25
2 pkgs. Puffed Wheat.....	.25
1 pkg. Quaker Oats.....	.11
3 pkgs. Jell-O.....	.25
6 bars Ben Hur Laundry Soap.....	.25
1 lb. Best Round Steak.....	.20

Specials for Saturday Only

1 lb. Best Creamery Butter.....	.30

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Peg o' My Heart

By
J. HARTLEY MANNERS

A Comedy of Youth Founded by
Mr. Manners on His Great Play
of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photo-
graphs of the Play

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead &
Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Frank O'Connell, young Irish patriot, is shot and wounded by British soldiers while making a home rule speech. He is aided by Angela Kingsnorth, an English society girl, who defends him.

Peg goes to the home of the Chichester family in England at the direction of Mr. Hawkes, Kingsnorth's attorney, as Kingsnorth suddenly dies.

She first meets Ethel Chichester and Brent, a married man in love with Ethel. She interrupts them by accident in a secret meeting.

Hawkes arrives and reads the Kingsnorth will. It leaves most of the fortune to Peg and offers liberal pay to any one who will undertake her education and secret training.

Mrs. Chichester finally agrees to bring up Peg in return for the money promised, although she openly despises the shabby young girl.

Peg is heartbroken at the cold reception given her by the Chichester family. She is much impressed, however, by the luxury of her surroundings.

"I'm goin' to return home, but on Jerry's plan she decides to remain in England a month. Brent and Ethel have another meeting. Both are unhappy.

Ethel and Peg have a violent disagreement, and Brent's attentions to the former are the cause of the dispute, which is interrupted by Jerry.

Jerry takes Peg to a fashionable dance without Mrs. Chichester's knowledge. Peg hails Ethel in a mad escapade with Brent.

Peg prevents Ethel from eloping with Brent, but falls downstairs at midnight, alarming the house. Mrs. Chichester abhors Peg for going to the dance.

Mrs. Chichester endeavors to persuade Alarie to propose marriage to Peg in order to keep the girl's fortune in the poverty-stricken family. Peg refuses him.

CHAPTER XXV. Peg's Father.

ONE night a ring at the bell caused O'Connell to look up frowningly. He was not in the habit of receiving calls. Few people ever dared to intrude on his privacy.

He opened the door and looked in amazement at his visitor. He saw a little, round, merry-looking, bald-headed gentleman with gold rimmed spectacles, an enormous silk hat, broad-cloth frock coat suit, patent boots with gray spots on them and a general air of prosperity and good nature.

"Is that Frank O'Connell?" cried the little man.

"It is," said O'Connell, trying in vain to see the man's features distinctly in the dim light.

The little man came into the room, took off his heavy silk hat and looked up at O'Connell with a quizzing look in his laughing eyes.

"McGinnis!"

"That's who it is! Talkative McGinnis; come all the way from old Ireland to take ye by the hand."

The two men shook hands warmly.

"An' what in the world brings ye here, docthor?" asked O'Connell.

" Didn't ye hear of me old grand uncle McNamara of County Sligo dyin'—after a useless life—and don't the only thing that made me proud of him now that he's gone—may he slape in peace—ain't the money he'd kept such a close fist on all his life to his God fearin' nephew so that he can spend the rest of his days in comfort? Didn't ye hear that?"

"I did not. And who was the nephew that came into it?"

"Meseelf, Frank O'Connell!"

"You: Is it the truth ye're tellin' me?"

"May I never speak another word if I'm not."

O'Connell took the little man's hand and shook it until the doctor screamed out to him to let it go.

"It's sorry I am if I hurt ye. So it's a wealthy man ye are now, docthor, eh?"

"Middlin' wealthy."

"And what are ye doin' in New York?"

"Sure, this is the country to take money to. It doubles itself out here overnight, they tell me."

He paused, then continued:

"I hope ye've not lost the gift o' the gab. Hey, ye got it with ye still, Frank O'Connell?"

"Faith an' while I'm talkin' of the one thing in the world that's near our hearts—the future of Ireland—I want to prophesy."

"An' what's it ye'd after prophesyin'?"

"This—that ten years from now, with our own government, with our own language back again—Gaelic—an' what language in the world yields greater music than the old Gaelic?—with Ireland and United Ireland's land in the care of Irishmen, with Ireland's people self respecting an sober an' healthy an educated, with Irishmen employed on Irish industries."

"Go on, Frank O'Connell. I love to listen to ye. Don't stop."

"I'll tell ye what will happen: Back will go the Irishmen in tens of thousands from all the other countries they were driven to in the days of famine an' oppression an' coercion an' buckshot—back they will go to their mother country. An can ye see far enough into the future to realize what they will do? Ye can't. Well, I'll tell ye that too. The exiled Irish, who have lived their lives abroad—takin' their wives, like as not, from the people of the country they lived in—not from their own stock when they go back to Ireland with different outlooks, with different manners an' with different tastes, so long as they've kept the hearts o' them thru an' loyal—just so long as they've done that an' kept the faith ♦ their forefathers, they'll form a new nation an' a nation with all the best o' the old—the great big faith an' the old—added to the prosperity an' education an' business-like principles an' statesmanship o' the new."

"Sure it's the big position they should give you on College green when they get their own government again, Frank O'Connell," the little doctor said, shaking his head knowingly.

"An' where is the little blue eyed maiden, Peg o' your heart? Where is she at all?"

"It's in London she is."

"It's English ye're goin' to bring her up," cried the doctor in horror and disgust.

"No, it's not. Docthor McGinnis, an' ye ought to know me better than to sit there an' ask me such a question."

When they parted for the night, with many promises to meet again ere long, O'Connell sat down and wrote Peg a long letter, leaving the choice in her hands, but telling her how much he would like to have her back with him. He wrote the letter again and again and each time destroyed it. It seemed so clumsy.

The morning after the incident following Peg's disobedience in going to the dance and her subsequent rebellion and declaration of independence found all the inmates of Regal Villa in a most unsettled condition.

Mrs. Chichester and Alarie opened a discussion as to the latter's business career.

"Oh, Alarie! There is a way—one way that would save us," said the mother after Alarie suggested going to Canada. And she trembled as she paused, as if afraid to tell him what the alternative was.

"Is there, mater? What is it?"

"It rests with you, dear."

"Does it? Very good. I'll do it to save you and Ethel and the roof; course I will. Let me hear it."

"Alarie?" she asked in a tone that suggested their fate hung on his answer. "Alarie, do you like her?"

"Like whom?"

"Margaret! Do you?"

"Here and there. She amuses me like anything at times. She drew a map of Europe once that I think was the most fearful and wonderful thing I have ever seen. She said it was the way her father would like to see Europe. She had England, Scotland and Wales in Germany, and the rest of the map was Ireland. Made me laugh like anything."

"Oh, if you only could!" she sobbed.

"Could? What?"

"Take that little wayward child into your life and mold her."

"Here, one moment, mater; let me get the full force of your idea. You want me to mold Margaret?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ha!" he laughed merrily, then said decidedly: "No, mater, no, I can do most things, but as a molder—oh, no! Let Ethel do it, if she'll stay, that is."

"Alarie, my dear, I mean to take her really into your life 'to have and to hold.' And she looked pleadingly at him through her tear dimmed eyes.

"But I don't want to hold her, mater?" reasoned her son.

"It would be the saving of us all!" she insisted significantly.

But Alarie was still obtuse.

"Now, how would my holding and molding Margaret save us?"

The old lady placed her cards deliberately on the table as she said sententiously:

"She would stay with us here—if you were—engaged to her!"

The shock had come. His mother's terrible alternative was now before him in all its naked horror. A shiver ran through him. The thought of a man with future as brilliant as his being blighted at the outset by such a misalliance!

He felt the color leave his face.

"Engaged! Don't, mother, please." He trembled again. "Heavens—engaged to that tomboy!"

There was no escape. Mrs. Chichester held him firmly.

"She will have £5,000 a year when she is twenty-one—£5,000 a year—£5,000 of the very best!"

She took him in her arms and pressed his reluctant and shrinking body to her breast. "Think what it would mean, dear—your family preserved and a brand snatched from the burning!"

"That's just it. It's all right saving the family. Any cove'll do that at a pinch. But I do not see myself as a 'brand snatcher.' Besides, I am not altogether at liberty."

"What?" cried his mother.

"Oh, I've not committed myself to anything. But I've been three times to hear that wonderful woman speak—once on the platform! And people are beginning to talk. She thinks no end of me. Sent me a whole lot of stuff last week—'advanced literature' she calls it. I've got 'em all upstairs. Wrote every word of 'em herself. Never saw a woman who can talk and write as she can. And outside of all that I'm afraid I've more or less encouraged her. And there you are—the whole thing in a nutshell."

Alarie thought for a few moments.

The result of this mental activity took form and substance as follows:

"She is not half bad looking—at times—when she's properly dressed."

"I've seen her look almost beautiful!" cried Mrs. Chichester.

Alarie suddenly grew depressed.

"Shocking temper, mater!" and he shook his head despondently.

"The woman who loves always obeys!" cried his mother.

"Ah, there we have it!" And Alarie sprang up and faced the old lady. "There we have it! Does she love me?"

Mrs. Chichester looked fondly at her only son and answered:

"How could she be near you for the last month and not love you?"

Alarie nodded:

"Of course there is that. Now, let me see—just get a solid grip on the whole thing. If she loves me—and taking all things into consideration—for your sake and darling Ethel's—and for my—what is it?"

As mother and son walked slowly toward the house they looked up, and gazing through a tiny casement of the little mauve room was Peg, her face white and drawn.

Peg decided to take a walk in the garden. As she reached the foot of the stairs Alarie came in quickly through the windows.

"Hello, Margaret!" he cried cheerfully, though his heart was beating nervously at the thought of what he was about to do, and across his features there was a sickly pallor. "What have you got there, all tucked away?" he ventured as the opening question that was to lead to the all important one.

Peg held up a book for him to see.

"The only thing I'm takin' away that I didn't bring with me."

"A book, eh?"

"That's what it is—a book," and she began to go upstairs.

"Taking it away?" he called up to her.

"That's what I'm doin'," and she still went up on two more steps.

"You're not really going away—cousin?" he gasped.

"I am," replied Peg.

"Just a moment," he cried, stopping her just by an arched window. She paused in the center of the glow that radiated from its panes.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently.

She wanted to go back to her room and make her final preparations.

Alarie looked at her with what he meant to be adoration in his eyes.

"Do you know I've grown really awfully fond of you?" His voice quivered and broke. He had reached one of the crises of his life.

"No, I didn't know it. When did ye find it out?"

"Just now—down in that room—when the thought flashed through me that perhaps you really meant to leave us. It went all through me. 'Pon my honor it did. The idea positively hurt me—really hurt me."

"Did it, now?" laughed Peg. "Sure an' I'm glad of it."

"Glad? Glad?" he asked in astonishment.

"I am. I didn't think anything could hurt ye unless it disturbed yer comfort. An' I don't see how my goin' will do that."

"Oh, but it will," persisted Alarie.

"Really it will."

"Sure now?" Peg was growing really curious. What was this odd little fellow trying to tell her?

Alarie felt that the moment had now really come.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Alarie, Peg and Mr. Hawkes.

"Cousin," said Alarie to Peg, and his voice dropped to the caressing note of a woosier "cousin, do you know, I am going to do something now I've never done before?"

He paused to let the full force of what was to come have its real value.

"What is it, Alarie?" Peg asked, all

unconscious of the drama that was taking place in her cousin's heart.

"Sure, what is it? Ye're not goin' to do somethin' useful, are ye?"

He braced himself and went on: "I am going to ask a very charming young lady to marry me. Eh?"

"Are ye?"

"I am."

"What do ye think o' that, now?"

"And—who—do—you—think—it—is?"

He waited, wondering if she would guess correctly. It would be so helpful if only she could.

But she was so unexpected.

"I couldn't guess it in a hundred years, Alarie—rarely I couldn't."

"Oh, try! Do try!" he urged.

"I couldn't think who'd marry you—Inde I couldn't. Mebbe the poor girl's blind. Is that it?"

"Can't you guess? No? Really?"

"No, I'm tellin' ye. Who is it?"

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BY GEORGE B. MORRIDGE

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EDITORIAL CHAT

Inexcusable But Certain—

Never was there a more inexcusable railroad disaster than Saturday's collision between a Santa Fe engine and a South Pasadena car on the Pacific Electric, costing five lives and dozens of serious injuries. In broad daylight, with nothing to obscure the view from any angle, and two watchmen at the crossing it seems incredible that such an accident could occur. Any one of four men could have prevented it. At least two of the four, by every rule of railroading and common sense, should have prevented it. If the wreck had been caused by the fault of just one man it would not have been so surprising. But the facts only go to prove that such wrecks always will occur while we depend upon human agencies to prevent them. The only answer is to make them physically impossible by eliminating grade crossings. Expensive? Yes. But the loss of lives cannot be measured in dollars and there is no consolation to the bereaved ones in coroner's verdicts or criminal prosecutions. Greater safety has been provided by new traffic regulations governing such crossings in Los Angeles. But as soon as the horror of the wreck's memory has worn off the momentary delays at crossings will become irksome to trainmen and passengers alike.

GGOD OLD CUSTOM—

For at least twenty years it has been the custom of Sierra Madre parents who take their youngsters to entertainments to let them sit in a bunch in the front rows. There they cut up and laugh and talk as is to be expected from a bunch of normally healthy and spirited children. It is a fine arrangement. The children enjoy themselves and it is a great help to speakers who don't want to be heard by their audiences and for those members of the audience who don't care to hear what is going on upon the platform.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—

As a man is judged by his clothes, so is his business judged by the character of the stationery and business cards he uses. It will not do to say that appearances are deceitful. That may be true when appearances are good. But when they are bad most people take them at face value. If you want people to think your goods are shoddy and your methods poor, then you can afford to use poor printed matter, but not otherwise.

GOOD-BYE, TIA JUANA—

Some of these alarmists are so sure that Japan wants to take possession of Lower California that one is tempted to speculate upon the awful consequences which would result if the Mikado's navy should attach a line to the peninsula and tow it outside the three-mile limit.

KILLING HARD TIMES—

MERCHANTS who plead hard times as an excuse for not advertising should take a trip from the big national advertisers. The Saturday Evening Post recently topped its record for volume of advertising and others are doing relatively as well. Looks as if the big fellows thought printer's ink the best cure for business depression.

G. B. M.

ORANGE EMPIRE TROLLEY TRIP
THROUGH THE "KINGDOM of the ORANGE"

**\$350 PAYS ALL
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Including All Side Trips and
RESERVED SEAT

Tours of Mission Inn, Sherman Indian School
and World-Famed Magnolia Avenue

Drive over beautiful Smiley Heights with magnificent view of San Timoteo Valley and the Majestic San Bernardino Mountains

Purchase Tickets and make reservations at Information Bureau, Main Floor P. E. Bldg., Los Angeles or P. E. Station, Pasadena.

Get one of the New Folders.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Peg o'My Heart

(Continued from Page 3)

"Certainly. Now?" and he took out his pocketbook.

"This mornin'," replied Peg positively. "With pleasure," said Mr. Hawkes as he began to count the banknotes.

"And I want ye to get a passage on the first ship to America, this afternoon if there's one!" cried Peg eagerly.

"Oh, come, come," remonstrated the lawyer.

"The £20 I want to buy somethin' for me father—just to remember England by. If ye think me uncle wouldn't like me to have it because I'm havin', why, then my father'll pay ye back. It may take him a long time, but he'll pay it."

"Now, listen—" interrupted Mr. Hawkes.

"Mebbe it'll only be a few dollars a week, but father always pays his debts in time. That's all he ever needs time."

"What's all this nonsense about goin' away?"

"It isn't nonsense. I'm goin' to me father," answered Peg resolutely.

Hawkes hunted through his mind for the cause of this upheaval in the Chichester home. He remembered Mrs. Chichester's statement about Alaric's affection for his young cousin. Could the trouble have arisen from that? It gave him a clew to work on. He grasped it.

"Answer me one question truthfully, Miss O'Connell. Is there an affair of the heart?"

Peg looked down on the ground mournfully and replied:

"My heart is in New York—with me father."

"Has any one made love to you since you have been here?"

Peg looked up at him sadly and shook her head. A moment later a mischievous look came into her eyes, and she said, with a roguish laugh:

"Sure one man wanted to kiss me, an' I boxed his ears, an' another—ah! most man—asked me to marry him."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lawyer.

"Me Cousin Alarie."

"And what did you say?" questioned Hawkes.

"I towld him I'd rather have Mi chael."

He looked at her in open bewilderment and repeated:

"Mi chael?"

"Me dog," explained Peg, and her eyes danced with merriment.

Hawkes laughed heartily and replied:

As Hawkes looked at her, radiant in her springlike beauty, her clear, healthy complexion, her dazzling teeth, her red-gold hair, he felt a sudden thrill go through him. His life had been so full, so concentrated on the development of his career, that he had never permitted the feminine note to obtrude itself on his life. His effort had been rewarded by an unusually large circle of influential clients who

arrangements are being made to extend the transcontinental service to other points in Southern California as rapidly as possible. Due announcement will be given when completed.



News Liners

WANTED—Strong young man would like work of any kind. Phone Black 138. 33*

FOR SALE—5-room plastered house with sleeping porch. Well built, with gas and electricity. Lot 50x150, well improved. Indebtedness \$1200. Equity at your own price. Black 138. 33*

WANTED—Trained nurse wishes ease, tuberculosis a specialty. Will keep house for patient if necessary. Phone Black 118. 33-34*

"Will ye let me have £20?" suddenly asked Peg.

yielded him an exceedingly handsome revenue. He had heard whispers of a magistracy. His public future was assured.

But his private life was arid. The handsome villa in Petium crescent had no one to grace the head of the table, save on the occasional visits of his aged mother or the still rarer ones of a married sister.

And here was he in the full prime of life.

Yielding to some uncontrollable impulse, he took her little hand in both of his own.

He was not to be denied now. He went on in his softest and most persuasive accents:

"I know one who would give you all these—a man who has reached the years of discretion, one in whom the follies of youth have merged into the knowledge and reserve of early middle age; a man of position and of means; a man who can protect you, care for you, admire you—and be proud to marry you."

"Miss O'Connell—may I say Margaret?—I was your uncle's adviser, his

(Continued next week)

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

OMEBOB DY'S dead; there's crape on door;

The blinds are half closed on the neighboring store.

Some one in sorrow of a loved one bereft.

Somebody taken and somebody left.

Gone from this world, its care and its strife;

Gone from the dear ones beloved during life;

Gone to a home with the ransomed above;

Gone to a Saviour whose fullness is love.

Closed be the eyes of the sleep today;

Silent the room where the loved one they lay;

There is a reason of weeping for one

Whose troubles are ended, whose labors are done.

Heavy the footfalls as each on his way

Treads the brick pavement, light hearted today;

Little they heed the half blinded store,

Little they care for the crape on the door.

Little care they in the battle of life,

Ardently fighting 'mid tumult and strife;

Little care they who never look back

With eyes firmly fixed on life's beaten track.

Onward they rush till in reaching life's bound,

They slacken the footsteps and quiet the sound;

Ceasing their efforts their labors give o'er,

Pass them by gently, there's crape on the door.

—Author Unknown.

OLD AND NEW.

O H, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;

And step by step, since time began,

We see the steady gain of man.

THAT all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine
And every land a Palestine.THROUGH the harsh voices of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way,
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.HENCEFORTH my heart shall sigh no more
For older time and bolder shore;
God's love and blessing then and there
Are now and here and everywhere.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

EVEN AS THE BEASTS.

THERE is no hope for nations!
Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,

The flow and ebb of each recurring age,

The everlasting, to be which hath been,

Hath taught us naught or little; still we lean

On things that rot beneath our weight and wear

Our strength away in wrestling with the air;

For 'tis our nature strikes us down; the beasts

Shame us in hourly hecatombs for feasts

Are of as high an order—they must go

Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.

Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,

What have they given your children in return?

A heritage of servitude and woes,

A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows!

—Lord Byron.

A Chinese Delicacy.

The tips from the topmost shoots of the bamboo tree are culled when they are not more than three inches long; peeled and preserved much as pineapples are, though the tips are cut in quarters. This fruit has a remarkably delicate and pleasant taste and is largely used as a flavoring for meat, though it can be eaten in the raw state, being rich and juicy. The edible is expensive on account of the difficulty in securing it from the tops of the tall, slender trees at just the right time.

warm personal friend. We spoke freely of you for many weeks before he died. It was his desire to do something for you that would change your whole life and make it full and happy and contented. Were your uncle alive I know of nothing that would give him greater pleasure than for his old friend to take you, your young life, into his care. Miss O'Connell, I am the man!"

"Stop it!" she cried. "What's the matter with you men this mornin'? Ye'd think I was some great lady the way ye're all offerin' me yer hands an yer names an yer influences an' yer dignities. Stop it! Give me that money an' let me go!"

Hawkes paused.

"Don't give your answer too hastily. I know it must seem abrupt—one might almost say brutal. But I am alone in the world; you are alone. Neither of us has contracted a regard for any one else. And, in addition to that, there would be no occasion to marry unless you are twenty-one. There!"

Peg suddenly burst into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Am I to consider that a refusal?"

"Ye may. What would I be doin' marrin' the likes of you? Answer me that?"

"That is final?" he queried.

"Absolutely, completely an' entirely final. Thank ye very much, sir," she added. "An' may I have the £20?"

"Certainly. Here it is." And he handed her the money.

"I'm much obliged to ye. An' I'm sorry if I hurt ye by laughin' just now. But I thought ye were jokin', I did."

She hurried across the room to the staircase. When she was halfway up the stairs Jerry entered and was immediately followed by Jerry.

"Peg!" he said gently, looking up at her.

"I'm goin' back to me father in half an hour!" And she went on up the stairs.

As Jerry moved slowly away from the staircase he met Montgomery Hawkes.

(Continued next week)

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